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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.



THE "STILL HUNT."

BROTHER FLOWER.—I say, Brother Brice, did n't you hear something drop?



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, September 24th, 1890. — No. 707.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHEN DEACON HOTCHKISS bought Brother Bemis's yearling heifer, he demanded a guarantee of the animal's condition, and he asked Brother Bemis to swear to that guarantee before the Justice of the Peace. Brother Bemis was hurt by this unusual precaution on the part of a life-long friend and neighbor.

"Why, Brother Hotchkiss," he remonstrated, "you ain't no need to be so pesky s'picious with me. I ain't never cheated you, hev I? You wa'n't like this never before."

"I wa'n't — I wa'n't," assented Brother Hotchkiss, cordially, "but I hearn you t' other night when you wuz on th' anxious seat at revival meetin', and I sez to myself, sez I, 'if Brother Bemis is haff the sinner he makes himself out to be, it behooves me to be everlastin' keeful with him next caow-trade.'"

Which goes to show that a man is more likely to be taken at his own estimate of himself when he puts that estimate low than when he puts it high; and that it is not over-wise in a man to make estimate of himself in a time of excitement and a place of publicity. We offer this parable for the earnest consideration of the Workingman. He may learn from it that if he is taken too literally at his word when he talks of his own condition and character, he has only himself to blame. If he is the one man in a land of free and independent men, who, enjoying every privilege of citizenship, holding his full share of the right to make and to administer the laws, is yet willing to talk of himself as a slave and a serf and a down-trodden and oppressed wretch — why, he can not in common reason complain if he is taken for what he says he is, and treated as such a spiritless thing might expect to be treated.

When a man proclaims himself a slave; when he is not ashamed to stand up before the public and liken himself to the sort of human being who is bought and sold, it is not surprising that the inference is drawn that he has the spirit of a slave. And when the man is clearly not in the state of bondage in which he represents himself, it is not wonderful that it should occur to quick-witted men that he might easily be reduced to that state. And if the quick-witted men have no scruples about holding their fellow-beings in bondage, it is altogether likely that they will seize on such a man and make him their private property.

And so we have the Labor-Agitator. He is the workingman who does not mean to work. In fomenting the discontent of men who are willing to work he finds an occupation that is at once light, congenial and profitable. It supplies him with a good living, and he cares nothing how many hard-working, honest men have to take a bad starving to supply him with that good living. He sees his opportunity, and he is quick-witted enough to grasp it and to make the most of it. The discontent which is his stock in trade is an imported article. It is not natural to the American workingman; because its existence is not natural, or even justifiable. In a country where the laws are equal for rich and poor; where no artificial barriers of caste are established, a man has only his own brains or his own muscles to blame — at least, he can not blame society at large — if he does not get on in the world.

But this country has been cursed with an influx of highly objectionable immigrants — the very lowest and most ignorant class of European laborers. These men come from countries where, beyond a doubt, they have been unfairly and unkindly treated by governments whose fundamental idea is aristocracy, or the permanent establishment of one class as the superior of all others. These men are too stupid, too hopelessly untaught and unteachable to know that the conditions which made them miserable across the ocean do not exist here, and that they are miserable on this side of the water only because they have brought with them the slavish, unmanly, ambitionless spirit which was engendered and fostered under European task-masters.

All they know is that they are poor and that some other people are rich. They hate the rich people, and they will not take the trouble to think that by far the greater part of these well-to-do folk began life as poor as they themselves are, and made their way by thoughtfulness and industry: and that the same way is open to them, if only they have the courage to take it. They prefer to sit down in their poverty, and to rail at those who are better off, and to cry out about class-distinctions which do not exist, and about repressive laws and customs which could not exist, under our system of government.

They have infected with the poison of their ignorant envy honest and otherwise sensible men who, had it not been for this alien example, would have gone quietly on the natural road to competence and content — perhaps to affluence, if their ambition carried them so far. It is to this unreasonable envy and illogical discontent that the labor-agitator addresses himself. "You have," he says, "a right to the wealth you see around you. Organize for your own protection; follow my lead; obey my orders, and I will show you the royal road to wealth and power."

They organize — but the organization is such as the agitator prescribes. It is an organization that puts him in supreme command of their affairs, public and private. To combat the authority of their employers, they give to the agitator who organizes them the supreme power of a despot — and he uses it.

It is for him to say whether the men whom he has organized shall strike or work: at his bidding they must throw up their employment and suffer privations of every sort for days or weeks or months, until his supreme nod ends the matter, and they go back to toil or are left to accept the fact that there is neither toil nor pay for them. They have no choice in the matter. They are "organized." He — who never works — is their "Master Workman;" and if they revolt against his authority, they are "scabs," not fit to be treated as men, poor wretches who are not to be allowed to work, who are to be stoned, shot, sandbagged if they try to support themselves without his permission.

Is it to be wondered at if this selfish tyrant is likewise a traitor to his subjects? Is it to be supposed that he has the interests of the workingman at heart — this man who works only as every common politician works — to keep his place and extend his "influence?" And if he puts an open palm behind his back and waits for a bribe to declare "off" the strike that he himself declared "on," the workingman need not grumble. It was he who put the agitator between himself and his employer.



LIVELY TIMES.

"Hello! been riding a bicycle?" "No." "Prize fight?" "No." "Railroad accident?" "No." "Mule kick?" "No." "Well, what in thunder is the matter?" "Member of Congress!"



THE RED ACCOUNT-BOOK.

A Financial Farce.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

A Young Husband.....MR. JOHN CAREY.
A Young Wife.....MRS. CAREY.

SCENE I.—*The dining-room of a modern flat. Mirrors, china. Much new silver in evidence on the sideboard. On the table, numerous spoons from several different sets, also very new. MR. and MRS. CAREY are found in consultation—close in every sense of the word—over a small book bound in red morocco, with various mystic perpendicular rulings in blue-and-red on its pages.*

MRS. CAREY (*speaks*).—Yes, I'm sure it's a splendid idea, Jack. Then we'll always know just how much we spend, and if we want to economize we can tell just where to do it. I know it made me awfully extravagant when I only just had to go to Papa and ask him for as much as I wanted; and it's awfully simple. I'll just put down every cent you give me in this dear little book, and every cent I spend, and there we'll have it all. You'll see what a good little housekeeper I'll make—only wait—

(*Here the conversation becoming much more of sound—of a subdued sort—than of sense, the curtain falls rapidly.*)

SCENE II.—*The same, afternoon. A month is supposed to have passed. MRS. CAREY is discovered, in a tea-gown and incipient tears, with three very premature little creases across her forehead and the red account-book on the table before her. MR. CAREY, who has just come in, is in the next room, dressing for dinner.*

MRS. CAREY.—Jack, this is awful! I've spent more money than I ever had, and there are lots of bills to come in yet, and yet I've a lot left,—and it won't come straight anyhow!

MR. CAREY.....?

MRS. CAREY.—Yes, I have added it up both ways a dozen times, and counted over everything.

MR. CAREY.....?

MRS. CAREY.—No; I have put down every cent you have given me—and what do you mean by the "debit side?"

MR. CAREY.....?

MRS. CAREY.—Oh, yes, everything is down even to the pennies. Here's buttons—two cents; ribbon—seven cents and a half; ice-cream soda—ten; car-fare—five; then I spent five dollars for something; I never could remember whether it was for a present or to pay an old bill; but I put it down: "Something, five dollars;" then, lunch, fifteen cents; three cents I gave an old shoestring woman; a pair of red slippers, three dollars and ninety-seven cents—they were so cheap I could n't resist them—

MR. CAREY.....?

MRS. CAREY.—Yes, I made Mary always ask prices, and put down everything we had from the grocer's and the meat-man, and coal and wood—but the bills they send don't agree with mine at all!

MR. CAREY (*entering and looking over her shoulder*).—What, for goodness's sake, is a "charitable match-girl—thirteen cents?"

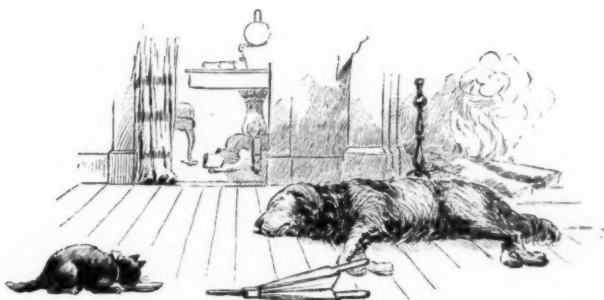
MRS. CAREY.—Stupid boy! Don't you see there's a hyphen between? She was a little girl that looked so miserable I gave her all my pennies.

MR. CAREY.—And you find you have spent fifteen dollars more than you ever had, and still have a present balance of seven thirty-five—

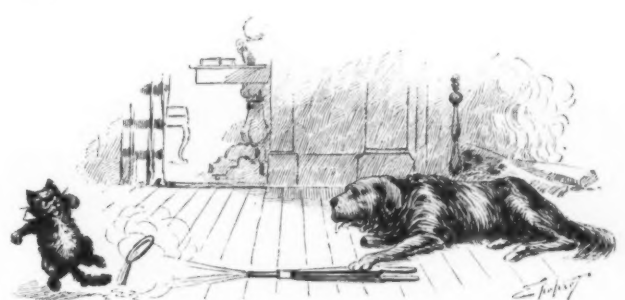
MRS. CAREY (*hysterically*).—Yes—O Jack! let's throw this horrid thing into the fire, and let cook keep the books—and let's go to the theatre to-night!

Frederic Hart Wilson.

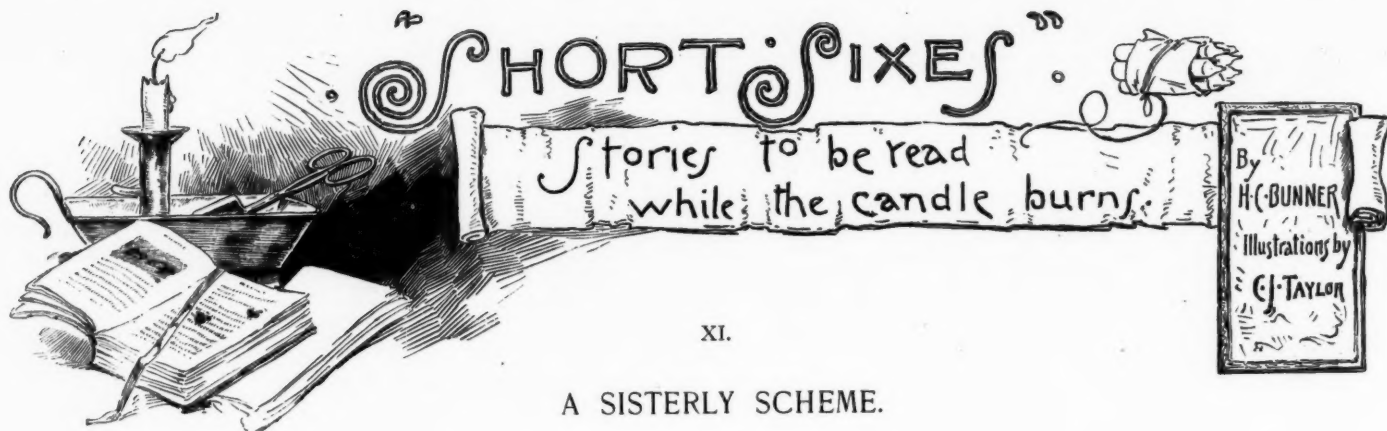
A HARD BLOW.



CALM.



SQUALLS.



XI.

A SISTERLY SCHEME.

A WAY UP in the very heart of Maine there is a mighty lake among the mountains. It is reached after a journey of many hours from the place where you "go in." That is the phrase of the country, and when you have once "gone in," you know why it is not correct to say that you have gone *through* the woods, or, simply, *to* your destination. You find that you have plunged into a new world—a world that has nothing in common with the world that you live in; a world of wild, solemn, desolate grandeur, a world of space and silence; a world that oppresses your soul—and charms you irresistibly. And after you have once "come

out" of that world, there will be times, to the day of your death, when you will be homesick for it, and will long with a childlike longing to go back to it.

Up in this wild region you will find a fashionable Summer-hotel, with electric bells and seven-course dinners, and "guests" who dress three times a day. It is perched on a little flat point, shut off from the rest of the mainland by a huge rocky cliff. It is an impertinence in that majestic wilderness, and I think that Leatherstocking would have had a hankering to burn such an affront to nature; but it is a good hotel, and people go to it and breathe the generous air of the great woods.

On the beach near this hotel, where the canoes were drawn up in line, there stood one Summer morning a curly-haired, fair young man—not so very young, either—whose cheeks were uncomfortably red as he looked first at his own canoe, high and dry, loaded with rods and landing-net and luncheon-basket, and then at another canoe, fast disappearing down the lake, wherein sat a young man and a young woman.

"Dropped again?"

The young man looked up and saw a saucy face laughing at him. A girl was sitting on the stringpiece of the dock. It was the face of a girl between childhood and womanhood. By the face and the figure, it was a woman grown. By the dress, you would have judged it a girl.

And you would have been confirmed in the latter opinion by the fact that the young person was doing something unpardonable for a young lady, but not inexcusable in the case of a youthful tom-boy. She had taken off her canvas shoe, and was shaking some small stones out of it. There was a tiny hole in her black stocking, and a glimpse of her pink toe was visible. The girl was sun-burnt, but the toe was prettily pink.

"Your sister," replied the young man with dignity, "was to have gone fishing with me; but she remembered at the last moment that she had a prior engagement with Mr. Brown."

"She had n't," said the girl. "I heard them make it up last evening, after you went upstairs."

The young man clean forgot himself.

"She's the most heartless coquette in the world!" he cried, and clinched his hands.

"She is all that," said the young person on the string-piece of the dock, "and more too. And yet, I suppose, you want her all the same?"

"I'm afraid I do," said the young man, miserably.

"Well," said the girl, putting her shoe on again, and beginning to tie it up, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Morpeth. You've been hanging around Pauline for a year, and you are the only one of the men she keeps on a string who has n't snubbed me. Now, if you want me to, I'll give you a lift."

"A—a—what?"

"A lift. You're wasting your time. Pauline has no use for devotion. It's a drug in the market with her—has been for five seasons. There's only one way to get her worked up. Two fellows tried it, and they nearly got there; but they were n't game enough to stay to the bitter end. I think you're game, and I'll tell you. You've got to make her jealous."

"Make her jealous of me?"

"No!" said his friend, with infinite scorn; "make her jealous of the other girl. Oh! but you men are stupid!"

The young man pondered a moment.

"Well, Flossy," he began, and then he became conscious of a sudden change in the atmosphere, and perceived that the young lady was regarding him with a look that might have chilled his soul.

"Miss Flossy—Miss Belton—" he hastily corrected himself. Winter promptly changed to Summer in Miss Flossy Belton's expressive face.

"Your scheme," he went on, "is a good one. Only—it involves the discovery of another girl."

"Yes," assented Miss Flossy, cheerfully.

"Well," said the young man, "does n't it strike you that if I were to develop a sudden admiration for any one of these other young ladies whose charms I have hitherto neglected, it would come tardy off—lack artistic verisimilitude, so to speak?"

"Rather," was Miss Flossy's prompt and frank response; "especially as there is n't one of them fit to flirt with."

"Well, then, where am I to discover the girl?"

Miss Flossy untied and retied her shoe. Then she said, calmly:

"What's the matter with—" a hardly perceptible hesitation—*me?*"

"With you?" Mr. Morpeth was startled out of his manners.

"Yes!"

Mr. Morpeth simply stared.

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Flossy, "I'm not good-looking enough."

"You are good-looking enough," replied Mr. Morpeth, recovering himself, "for *any thing*—and he threw a convincing emphasis into the last word as he took what was probably his first real inspection of his adored one's junior—"but—are n't you a trifle—*young?*"

"How old do you suppose I am?"

"I know. Your sister told me. You are sixteen."

"Sixteen!" repeated Miss Flossy, with an infinite and uncontrollable scorn, "yes, and I'm the kind of sixteen that stays sixteen till your

elder sister's married. I was eighteen

years old on the third of last December—unless they began to double on me before I was old enough to know the difference—it would be just like Mama to play it on me in some such way," she concluded, reflectively.

"Eighteen years old!" said the young man. "The deuce!" Do not think that he was an ill-bred young man. He was merely astonished, and he had much more astonishment ahead of him. He mused for a moment.



"Well," he said, "what's your plan of campaign? I am to— to discover you."

"Yes," said Miss Flossy, calmly, "and to flirt with me like fun."

"And may I ask what attitude you are to take when you are— discovered?"

"Certainly," replied the imperturbable Flossy. "I'm going to dangle you."

"To— to dangle me?"

"As a conquest, don't you know. Let you hang round and laugh at you."

"Oh? indeed?"

"There, don't be wounded in your masculine pride. You might as well face the situation. You don't think that Pauline's in love with you, do you?"

"No!" groaned the young man.

"But you've got lots of money. Mr. Brown has got lots more. You're eager. Brown is coy. That's the reason that Brown is in the boat and you are on the cold, cold shore, talking to Little Sister. Now if Little Sister jumps at you, why, she's simply taking Big Sister's leavings; it's all in the family, any way, and there's no jealousy, and Pauline can devote her whole mind to Brown. There, *don't* look so limp. You men are simply childish. Now, after you've asked me to marry you—"

"Oh, I'm to ask you to marry me?"

"Certainly. You need n't look frightened, now. I won't accept you. But then you are to go around like a wet cat, and mope, and hang on worse than ever. Then Big Sister will see that she can't afford to take that sort of thing from Little Sister, and then— there's your chance."

"Oh, there's my chance, is it?" said Mr. Morpeth. He seemed to have fallen into the habit of repetition.

"There's your *only* chance, said Miss Flossy, with decision.

Mr. Morpeth meditated. He looked at the lake, where there was no longer sign or sound of the canoe, and he looked at Miss Flossy, who sat calm, self-confident and careless on the string-piece of the dock.

"I don't know how feasible—" he began.

"It's feasible," said Miss Flossy, with decision. "Of course Pauline will write to Mama, and of course Mama will write and scold me. But she's got to stay in New York, and nurse Papa's gout; and the Miss Redingtons are all the chaperons we've got up here, and they don't amount to any thing— so I don't care."

"But why," inquired the young man; and his tone suggested a complete abandonment to Miss Flossy's idea: "why should you take so much trouble for me?"

"Mr. Morpeth," said Miss Flossy, solemnly, "I'm two years behind the time-table, and I've got to make a strike for liberty, or die. And besides," she added, "if you are *nice*, it need n't be such an *awful* trouble."

Mr. Morpeth laughed.

"I'll try to make it as little of a bore as possible," he said, extending his hand. The girl did not take it.

"Don't make any mistake," she cautioned him, searching his face with her eyes; "this is n't to be any little-girl affair. Little Sister does n't want any kind, elegant, supercilious encouragement from Big Sister's young man. It's got to be a *real* flirtation— devotion no end, and ten times as much as ever Pauline could get out of you—and you've got to keep your end 'way—'way—'way up!"

The young man smiled.

"I'll keep my end up," he said; "but are you certain that you can keep yours up?"

"Well, I think so," replied Miss Flossy. "Pauline will raise an awful row; but if she goes too far, I'll tell my age, and *hers*, too."

Mr. Morpeth looked in Miss Flossy's face. Then he extended his hand once more.

"It's a bargain, so far as I'm concerned," he said.

This time a soft and small hand met his with a firm, friendly, honest pressure.

"And I'll refuse you," said Miss Flossy.

Within two weeks, Mr. Morpeth found himself entangled in a flirtation such as he had never dreamed of. Miss Flossy's scheme had succeeded only too brilliantly. The whole hotel was talking about the outrageous behavior of that little Belton girl and Mr. Morpeth, who certainly ought to know better.

Mr. Morpeth had carried out his instructions. Before the week was out, he found himself giving the most life-like imitation of an infatuated lover that ever delighted the old gossips of a Summer-resort. And yet he had only done what Flossy told him to do.

He got his first lesson just about the time that Flossy, in the privacy of their apartments, informed her elder sister that if she, Flossy, found Mr. Morpeth's society agreeable, it was nobody's concern but her own, and that she was prepared to make some interesting additions to the census statistics if any one thought differently.

The lesson opened his eyes.

"Do you know," she said, "that it would n't be a bit of a bad idea to telegraph to New York for some real nice candy and humbly present it for my acceptance? I *might* take it—if the bonbonnière was pretty enough."

He telegraphed to New York and received, in the course of four or five days, certain marvels of sweets in a miracle of an upholstered box. The next day he found her on the verandah, flinging the bonbons on the lawn for the children to scramble for.

"Awfully nice of you to send me these things," she said languidly, but loud enough for the men around her to hear—she had men around her already: she had been discovered—"but I never eat sweets, you know. Here, you little mite in the blue sash, don't you want this pretty box to put your doll's clothes in?"

And Maillard's finest bonbonnière went to a yellow-haired brat of three.

But this was the slightest and lightest of her caprices. She made him send for his dog-cart and his horses, all the way from New York, only that he might drive her over the ridiculous little mile-and-a-half of road that bounded the tiny peninsula. And she christened him "Muffets," a nickname presumably suggested by Morpeth; and she called him "Muffets" in the hearing of all the hotel people.

And did such conduct pass unchallenged? No. Pauline scolded, raged, raved. She wrote to Mama. Mama wrote back and reproved Flossy. But Mama could not leave Papa. His gout was worse. The Miss Redingtons must act. The Miss Redingtons merely wept, and nothing more. Pauline scolded; the flirtation went on; and the people at the big hotel enjoyed it immensely.

And there was more to come. Four weeks had passed. Mr. Morpeth was hardly on speaking terms with the elder Miss Belton; and with the younger Miss Belton he was on terms which the hotel gossips characterized as "simply scandalous." Brown glared at him when they met, and he glared at Brown. Brown was having a hard time. Miss Belton the elder was not pleasant of temper in those trying days.

"And now," said Miss Flossy to Mr. Morpeth, "it's time you proposed to me, Muffets."

They were sitting on the hotel verandah, in the evening darkness. No one was near them, except an old lady in a Shaker chair.

"There's Mrs. Melby. She's pretending to be asleep, but she is n't. She's just waiting for us. Now walk me up and down and ask me to marry you so that she can hear it. It'll be all over the hotel inside of half an hour. Pauline will just *rage*."

With this pleasant prospect before him, Mr. Morpeth marched Miss Flossy Belton up and down the long verandah. He had passed Mrs. Melby three times before he was able to say, in a choking, husky, uncertain voice:

"Flossy—I—I—I love you!"

Flossy's voice was not choking nor uncertain. It rang out clear and silvery in a peal of laughter.

"Why, of course you do, Muffets, and I wish you did n't. That's what makes you so stupid half the time."

"But—" said Mr. Morpeth, vaguely; "but I—"

"But you're a silly boy," returned Miss Flossy; and she added in a swift aside: "*You have n't asked me to marry you!*"

"W-W-W-Will you be my wife?" stammered Mr. Morpeth.

"No!" said Miss Flossy, emphatically, "I will not. You are too utterly ridiculous. The idea of it! No, Muffets, you are charming in your present capacity; but you are n't to be considered seriously."

They strolled on into the gloom at the end of the great verandah.

"That's the first time," he said, with a feeling of having only the ghost of a breath left in his lungs, "that I ever asked a woman to marry me."

"I should think so," said Miss Flossy, "from the way you did it. And you were beautifully rejected, were n't you. Now— look at Miss Melby, will you? She's scudding off to spread the news."

And before Mr. Morpeth went to bed, he was aware of the fact that every man and woman in the hotel knew that he had "proposed" to Flossy Belton, and had been "beautifully rejected."

Two sulky men, one sulky woman, and one girl radiant with triumphant happiness started out in two canoes, reached certain fishing-grounds known only to the elect, and began to cast for trout. They had indifferent luck. Miss Belton and Mr. Brown caught a dozen trout; Miss Flossy Belton and Mr. Morpeth caught eighteen or nineteen, and the day was wearing to a close. Miss Flossy made the last cast of the day, just as her escort had taken the paddle. A big trout rose—just touched the fly—and disappeared.

"It's this wretched rod!" cried Miss Flossy; and she rapped it on the gunwale of the canoe so sharply that the beautiful split-bamboo broke sharp off in the middle of the second-joint. Then she tumbled it overboard, reel and all.

"I was tired of that rod, any way, Muffets," she said; "row me home, now; I've got to dress for dinner."

Miss Flossy's elder sister, in the other boat, saw and heard this exhibition of tyranny; and she was so much moved that she stamped her small



foot, and endangered the bottom of the canoe. She resolved that Mama should come back, whether Papa had the gout or not.

Mr. Morpeth, wearing a grave expression, was paddling Miss Flossy toward the hotel. He had said nothing whatever, and it was a noticeable silence that Miss Flossy broke.

"You've done pretty much everything that I wanted you to do, Muffets," she said; "but you have n't saved my life yet, and I'm going to give you a chance."

It is not difficult to overturn a canoe. One twist of Flossie's supple body did it, and before he knew just what had happened, Morpeth was swimming toward the shore, holding up Flossy Belton with one arm, and fighting for life in the icy water of a Maine lake.

The people were running down, bearing blankets and brandy, as he touched bottom in his last desperate struggle to keep the two of them above water. One yard further, and there would have been no strength left in him.

He struggled up on shore with her, and when he got breath enough, he burst out:

"Why did you do it? It was wicked! It was cruel!"

"There!" she said, as she reclined composedly in his arms, "that will do, Muffets. I don't want to be scolded."

A delegation came along, bringing blankets and brandy, and took her from him.

At five o'clock of that afternoon, Mr. Morpeth presented himself at the door of the parlor attached to the apartments of the Belton sisters. Miss Belton, senior, was just coming out of the room. She received his inquiry after her sister's health with a white face and a quivering lip.

"I should think, Mr. Morpeth," she began, "that you had gone far enough in playing with the feelings of a m-m-mere child, and that—oh! I have no words to express my contempt for you!"

And in a most unladylike rage Miss Pauline Belton swept down the hotel corridor.

She had left the door open behind her.

Morpeth heard a voice, weak, but cheery, addressing him from the far end of the pretty parlor.

"You've got her!" it said.

"She's crazy mad. She'll make up to you to-night—see if she don't."

Mr. Morpeth looked up and down the long corridor. It was empty. He pushed the door open, and entered. Flossy was lying on the sofa, pale, but bright-eyed.

"You can get her," she whispered, as he knelt down beside her.

"Flossy," he said, "don't you know that that is all ended? Don't you know that I love you and you only? Don't you know that I have n't thought about any one else since—since—oh, Flossy, don't you understand?"

Flossy stretched out two weak arms, and put them around Mr. Morpeth's neck.

"Why have I had you in training all Summer?" said she. "Did you think it was for Pauline?"

H. C. Bunner.



BEN'S DEFINITION OF RECIPROCITY.



BEN HARRISON sat in an easy chair,
With Baby Mc's. fingers in his hair,
And as the fair babe played and cooed,
Ben's mind state questions all imbued;
He thought of the Tariff, Force Bill, and
seals,

Of Quay and Plumb and other eels,
Of '92 and convention drifts,
Of Summer-cottages and gifts.
To these reveries the babe objected,
To break them all his strength directed,
And, gesturing with velocity,
Cried: "Gram'pa, what's 'res'pros'ty?"

Grandpa slowly shook his head,
And to the babe he sweetly said:

"Reciprocity, my little cager,
Is what suits 'Jim' but not the 'Major.'"

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—"Love thy neighbor as thyself." Who is "thy neighbor?"

LITTLE GIRL.—Please, Ma'm, the folks as borrows from us.

WATCHING THE PENNIES.

CUTHAM & FITHAM'S NEW BOOK-KEEPER.—Shall I send this bill around to Mr. Wareham's house, sir?

FITHAM.—H'm! no; there's no use wasting postage. Wait till he calls for something more.

IF THE *Century Dictionary* sage who defines "Anarchy" as "an absence or insufficiency of government; a state of society in which there is no capable supreme power, and in which the several functions of the state are performed badly or not at all" is right, New York must certainly be the ideal home of Anarchy.

MEN WHO would solve the problems of the Universe should remember that we can only see one-half of a sphere at once. The fellow on the other side may be all right from his point of view.

A SELF-SUSTAINING MUNICIPALITY.

VISITOR.—I never saw a city so abundantly supplied with milk, vegetables and general trucking as yours.

ENTHUSIASTIC CHICAGOAN.—Yes, sir; and the beauty of it is that it is all raised right here in the city, don't you see?

THOUSANDS LIKE HIM.

WRIGHT.—Old de Gasse says he has n't much regard for modern literature.

BRIGHT.—Humph! That's because he never can tell whether any thing is good or bad until he reads some reviewer's opinion.



IN THE RESTAURANT.

UNCLE HAWBUCK.—Say, Hennerly, it must be tough to be like that feller over there 'n' have only one arm.

HENRY.—He has two arms.

UNCLE HAWBUCK.—He has! Why in thunder don't he use 'em, then?

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

I STOOD by an ancient burial place
In a city park, afar
From the hurry and strife of the living race,
Where the hum of the distant car
Seemed to float on the air like a sound brought
down
From the ages long since past,
Of the busy lives of a vanished town,
That are silent here at last.
Each of you, too, had his grief, I sighed,
And, perhaps, this particular sorrow, —
As I slipped around the corner to hide
From a friend who wanted to borrow.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

"Ya-as," said the Anglomaniac, "the Fahls of Niagawa
would be twuly gwand, don't you know, but for one dwawback."
"What is that?"
"They ah hahf Amewican, ah."



GILDING THE PILL.

"What did yez git?"
"An offer ov work. What did yez git?"
"A bit ov beef; but it's work all the same."
"Yis; but it's a more delicate way ov putting it."

TO BE OR SEEM TO BE — THAT IS THE QUESTION.

FIRST SPECULATOR.—Why have you pulled out from Brownsburg?
I thought real-estate was advancing steadily.

SECOND SPECULATOR.—Brownsburg is a dead town, sir, — *slow* —
slow's the word, no push there. Why, the census gives it two thousand
more than it claimed!

TOO INDUSTRIOUS.

From his pigeon stool under the Dome,
Johnny Congressman kept running home
To look after his fences and clover,
Till his fence grew so high that he found,
When the caucus time next came around,
His constituents could n't see over.

THE MOSQUITO is a desperately wicked creature. It never rests till it
gets "behind the bars."

THE SHREWD STRIKER should invest in the stock of the road which he
leaves. The rise in prices after the strike fails may make up for the
wages he has lost.



ON THE SHELF?

MISS DE MUIR.—Papa always gives me a book as a birthday gift.
MISS DE MEANOR.—What a fine library you must have!

AN INCURABLE PESSIMIST.

GAYLER.—There's no use grumbling, old fellow. Everything will
be settled up in the next world.

MEGRIM.—Yes; settled up — or down!

GOING, GOING, GONE!

MRS. MIX.—Charles, that piano they had next door has gone to-day.

MR. MIX.—Well, I'm glad if it's finally got away. It's been going
every day for the last six months.

THE BOOK-KEEPER TO HIS PEN.

Like to the great Musician's wand,
Although applause we never meet —
My Pen, you show the "Harmony
Of Numbers" — on the balance-sheet!

REED'S RULINGS are highly contagious. They make the whole public
gag.

WOULD IT NOT be a good idea to banish juvenile cigarette malefactors
to New Jersey? A double object would be then attained. The
mosquitos would be poisoned and the offenders punished.

THIS AUTUMN has been a sort of rain-fall in New York.

GETTING ONTO HIS CURVES.



AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER (in
background).—By Jove! I must
get a picture of that magnificent
specimen of manhood in action!
(Prepares to catch the lightning
twirler in the act of delivering
an inshoot.)

What he Got.



THE WALKING-DELEGATE

LABOR-DISTURBER.—All this trouble might have been saved if you

CK.



DELEGATE AND HIS WORK.

been saved if you had put a few thousand dollars where it would do the most good.

Halvymple.



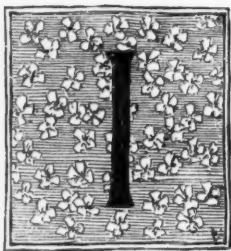
CLINCHED TO STAY.

CRIMBLE.—Where did you get him, Clarence?

FERGUSON.—I wore him home from Miss Fordham's last night.

BEING A BOY.

WITH APOLOGIES TO C. D. WARNER.



USED TO BE a boy once, but I seem to have got over it. Boyhood is a curious disease, but every man has to take his dose of it. He does not mind it at the time; but when his complete cure has been effected, he looks back over the period of the attack, and wonders if he could ever have had any thing so bad as that. A boy's troubles are mental. He has strange notions of life, and they rattle him so that he does not seem to get square with matters and things in the estimation of any disinterested observer. Of course, the boy thinks he is having a James-dandy time; but every one else knows he is not.

For instance, a boy thinks it is real good fun to go to bed with all his clothes on, and lie awake for three hours till the old man has swallowed his sleep-coaxer and sought his downy perch. Then the boy gets out of bed, climbs out of the back window and down a rain spout, barking his shins and skinning his knuckles on the way, and walks three miles across ploughed fields to steal a watermelon out of a farmer's patch. And the next day, when they have watermelon for dinner at home, do you suppose that makes the boy feel sore, as it would make a man? Not much. The boy has had his fun, and the chances are that he'll get up and do the same old act all over again day after to-morrow.

Again, a boy thinks it's fun to put an empty soap box on top of two logs, and paddle himself up and down a brook where there are no light-houses, no harbors, and not more than twelve inches of water, counting the mud on the bottom. A boy thinks it's fun to row a boat, too. He will get aboard a big, heavy skiff, with a pair of seven-foot oars, when the thermometer indicates ninety degrees in the Summer house, and he'll pull himself around and around in a ring, and cut S's and figures 3 on the water, and think he's having more fun than a Grand Army man drawing a pension.

A boy thinks it's fun, too, to get four old bricks and build himself an oven, and then to make a wood-fire in it, and roast four peach-blow potatoes with the skins on, and eat them without salt. Two boys who can have unto themselves a small feast like this, accompanied by edifying conversation about the extermination of the Siouxs, think they're having more fun than you or I would at a public dinner of fifteen courses.

When a boy gets over being a boy, and looks back over the period of his disorder, he often wonders how it happened that he lived through it. But it appears to be pretty generally admitted by medical experts that the boyhood disease is not necessarily fatal. It does do away with a few of its victims, to be sure; but they are those who are affected with the acute form in which twenty-foot rivers appear to be three feet deep, and double-barreled shot-guns are mistaken for Pandean pipes.

There is one form of the disease which ought to prove fatal, but for some inscrutable reason it does not. That is the form which causes the patient to imagine that jewsharps, fifes, banjos, and horse-fiddles produce music. Usually, however, they just let the disease wear itself out. It wears a great many people out, too; but no matter.

Tricotrin.

A TARIFF ARGUMENT.

TAXES ARE a necessity, they say,
And hence they have devised an easy way,
By placing them on clothes and food and steel,
To raise them so their weight you will not feel.
In other words, the tariff is like gas,
To make bad teeth come easy; but, alas,
Although the anaesthetic works, no doubt,
When you wake up, your sound teeth, too, are out.

A DIVISION OF RESPONSIBILITY.

HER FATHER.—What, you want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, you can't support her. I can hardly do it myself.

SUITOR (*blankly*).—C-C-Can't we chip in together?

SOMETHING TO DIE FOR.

"The worst of my husband is that he's always praising up his first wife to me."

"Ah, you ought to be very thankful for that. It shows he has a faithful heart. Now, if you were to die think how he would praise you up to number three."

ONE THING SURE OF.

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN.—What shall we do, Mr. President, in case we lose the House?

THE PRESIDENT (*absent-mindedly*).—Oh, we shall still have the cottage.

SHOULD BE TIED DOWN.

WEBBFOOT (*the entry clerk*).—Don't you think Powderly must have been a dry-goods clerk in his younger days?

SUPERINTENDENT DONOVAN.—Why so?

WEBBFOOT.—Because it comes natural for him to tie up and call off.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES—Those of the Ledger that You are Wrestling Over After Vacation.

ON FIFTH AVENUE.

MR. NEGUS.—I say, Charlie.
MR. MOORE.—Ya-as; but don't call me Charlie. Call me Cholly. It's moah English, you know.



LOOKING OUT FOR HIS COMFORT.

O'TOOLE (*the policeman*).—It's th' shame fer you t' lave yure ould man be wor-r-kin', an' him go'n' an eighty year.

SHEEDY.—Don' give it away. Oi had him a t'umper med out o' papier-mashee, an' th' boss ain't on to it yit.

THREE NOCTURNES.

I.

COMMENCEMENT-DAY was over; and on the moonlit green
The parting Seniors gathered for College-life's last scene;
To-morrow they must separate, and face the world as men,
None cared to say the last sad words — they might not meet again.
Around a well-loved classmate the saddened students throng:
"Come, Jack," they cry, "old fellow, give us a farewell song."
Then rose a deep and thrilling bass, the tones were sweet and low,
And after every stanza the crowd joined in: "Bing-go!"

II.

Late Summer; at Bar Harbor. Jack paddled a canoe.
The craft was small, yet not too small; just large enough for two.
The silence grew oppressive, yet not a word was said,
Until to gaze upon the moon she raised her pensive head.
She felt that it was risky — the pauses were so long:
"I wish, Jack, that you'd sing for me that lovely college song!"
So Jack, of course, stopped paddling — the boat was drifting slow —
And there beneath the moon-beams soft he sang again: "Bing-go!"

III.

'T was midnight in far Harlem. High in the seventh flat,
A manly form in toga white beside a cradle sat.
Nay, speak not of insomnia! Alas, he longed for sleep,
But like a lost soul in despair his son and heir did weep.
"Dear John," said she, "we should rejoice that Baby's lungs are strong,
Perhaps our little Jack would sleep if you would sing a song."
Oh, then beneath the yellow moon arose a note of woe,
And once again that patient man sent forth a wail: "Bing-go!"

PLEASING EVERYBODY.

"The *Kazoo* is doing a great and good work in exposing the dives," said the Rev. Mr. Jinx.

"And what spicy reading it makes!" put in Mr. Footlites.

ITS FACE WAS FAMILIAR.

"It seems to me I ought to know you," remarked a Humorist to a Joke.

"You ought to," replied the Joke;
"I am your own child; but I've been translated into the German and back since I left home."

THEY SPEAK.

"Do Worden and Blow speak now?"

"Oh, yes. This morning I heard Worden tell Blow that he ought to get himself indicted for libeling humanity."

ETIQUETTE.

"How do you address the Duchess?"

"Your Grace."

"And the Duke?"

"Your Disgrace."

THE OYSTER is now ready for the 'embers. One fry, please!

THE GOVERNOR OF INDIANA is mad because he can't get his pay. We don't blame him: Indiana politics without cash are a dismal failure.

GEORGE WASHINGTON acquired some fame by holding his tongue. But Quay is getting too old to begin now to follow Washington's example.

A NOTED LABOR AGITATOR of years gone by is now selling peanuts. He is bound to be "ruler of the roast," even if it is only a little one for a cent.

THE ORGANS OF SENSE — Newspapers which are Not Muzzled.

SUMMER BRINGS leave of absence, but Autumn brings absence of leaves.

PEOPLE GO to hear other actors' lines; but they go to see John L. Sullivan's.



MODERNIZING HISTORY.

MRS. SOUTHLAKE. — Children, how often I've told you not to touch the flowers?

TOMMY. — This is a sacred game, Mama. Grandpa's the hanging of Babylon gardens that you read us about.

AS IT MAY BE.

TOUGH CHARACTER (*entering theatre*). — Do yer pass der profesh? MANAGER. — Yes; but I don't know you.

TOUGH CHARACTER. — Hain't my looks 'nuff ter 'dentify me? I'm one o' der new pugilistic stars.

MANAGER (*quaking*). — Pass in!

EX NIHILO, NIHIL FIT.

EVELINE. — That Mr. Simperton whom I introduced to you to-night has developed into a dude since I used to know him.

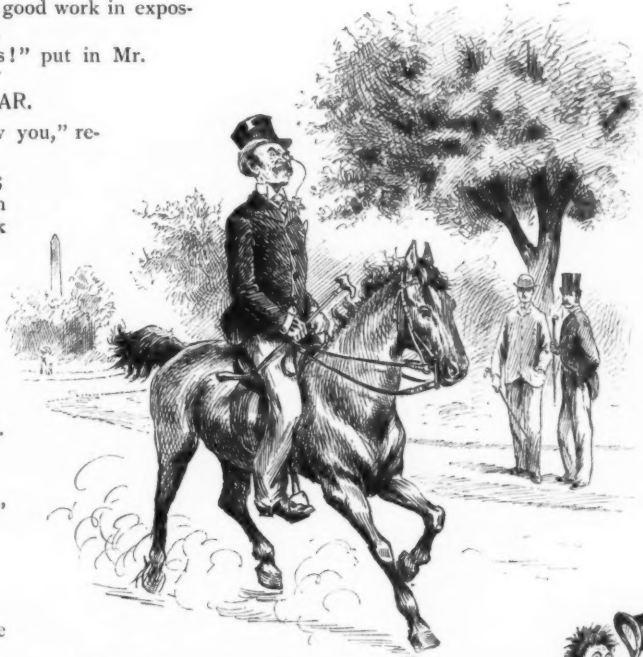
BELINDA. — "Developed" did you say? What was he like before he developed?

PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

"I like the Germans' way of living. It is simple, full of healthful enjoyment — in every way sensible."

"When did you go abroad?"

"Never; but I spent a couple of days in Hoboken last week."



BEFORE AND AFTER.

WHIPPER (*observing Equestrian*). — Wather stuck on himself, I should say.



SNAPPER. — He is n't so stuck on his mount, though.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"

SAYS THE OLD ADAGE, BUT A CRAMP BEFORE YOU ARE PROVIDED WITH A BOTTLE OF

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THE absolute and pitiable ignorance of Eastern people concerning the West, while it can not but amuse, does occasionally irritate the ambitious man of the West. In the last number of PUCK [No. 705] there is an excellent cartoon, which advises New York not to go to sleep, but to glory in her own town as they do in the West, and all about the sleepy old Knickerbocker father are grouped the impersonations of Western towns, calling attention to the advantages of their individual cities. There is Chicago, New Orleans, Minneapolis, Louisville, Denver, Tacoma, Galveston, Birmingham, and a few others, but Omaha is not there. This is humiliating, because the people of Omaha know that this city has made greater strides since 1880 than any other city in the Union. The census so shows it. We have more lines of street-cars for our corporate limits, more electric car miles than any city in the world, a greater increase of population than any city in the world. And yet the name of our town is not even mentioned. It is really remarkable that Americans can be so deplorably ignorant of the country in which they live. Even when the East makes an exception to the rule, and tries to pay the West a handsome compliment, she offends by revealing an entire ignorance of the subject.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

CHANGED THE SUBJECT.

FAUNTLEROY BOY.—Mama, would n't it have been grand to have lived in the good old times, and had a big castle on a hill, and robbed everybody who came near it, just like the brave barons I read about in that big book? I wish I could have been one!

MAMA.—Hush! You should n't talk so.

BOY.—Can't I just think about such things?

MAMA.—No, you shan't. Change the subject.

BOY.—Mama, when is Papa coming back to the city?

MAMA.—As soon as his Summer-hotel closes.—*New York Weekly.*

MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER asks: "Why do women prefer reading novels to the news of the day?" This is a rather difficult conundrum to answer, considering that much of the news of the day is quite as sensational as the modern novel—and contains almost as much fiction.—*Norristown Herald.*

HE KEPT HIS WORD.

DEACON GOOD (to young CLERK).—When I granted you a day off, yesterday, you promised me that you would not go to the races; yet I hear it whispered about that you lost ten dollars on Tenny.

CLERK (humbly).—I did not go to the races, sir; I went to the pool rooms.—*New York Weekly.*

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

"Fossilized coke plants are never found in coal-bearing strata," remarked Snaggs to his wife.

"Where are they found then?" asked Mrs. Snaggs, innocently.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"And did you go out sailing with George any great way?"

"Well, he did n't exactly hug the shore, and yet he did n't go too far."—*Philadelphia Times.*

WHEN I was younger than I am to-night, In days gone by, that memories endow With golden glamour, shining pure and bright, I was not quite as old as I am now.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SUMMER TOURIST (noticing the limestone formation).—I presume the water in this section is rather hard, is n't it?

NATIVE.—It is for a fact, Mister. Las' Summer a feller fell off that high bridge inter the river an' it killed him just like he'd landed on a rock.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

THE rhinoceros is a modest animal. It is impossible for him to blow his own horn.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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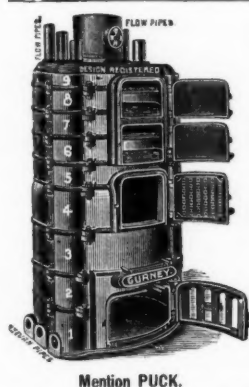
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SWAN GIN!
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JOHNSON.—Were you at the concert, Jones?
 JONES.—Yes, part of the time.
 JOHNSON.—Did you hear me sing "The Wolf?"
 JONES.—"The Wolf?" How did it go?
 JOHNSON (*singing*).—"Whilst the wolf, in nightly prow, bays the moon with hideous how-w-w-l."
 JONES (*expressively*).—Oh, yes; I remember the hideous howl.—*Chatter.*

"IN THE, 400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

"How the blazes shall I ever get posted in this legislative business?" asked a walking delegate of the Knights of Labor, newly elected to "the House."

"Better try Cushing's Manual," said the interrogated.

"But I am not accustomed to manual labor, don't you know," said the new member, sorrowfully.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

5th Crop, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 25c.

"WELL, Mr. Sullivan, are you going to run for Congress?"

"Naw. I'm troo with fightin'; it's low."—*Chicago Figaro.*

"THE fleas have struck Harlem." Now let the people of Harlem strike back.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SHE DID NOT UNDERSTAND.
 "I do not see, Papa, why you should object to my marrying him. You know he is rich, for he puts all his business in your hands."

"On mature consideration, my dear, I think it would be safer to marry some one who does not put all his business in my hands. You will understand these things better when you grow older.—*Chicago Figaro.*

HE DID HIS PART.
 LITERARY ASPIRANT (*in his appeal to EDITOR*).—I have written poems, sketches and stories for leading periodicals.

EDITOR.—In which leading periodicals have your articles appeared? I do not remember seeing your name in any.

LITERARY ASPIRANT.—They never appeared; but that was not my fault. I wrote them all the same.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

NATURAL.
 MRS. JINKS.—Oh, Thomas, what shall we do with our daughter? I heard her talking to herself in her room, just now, while she was dressing, and she said d-d-damn, twice!

MR. JINKS.—Let's see. She has begun wearing boiled shirts, like a man's, lately, has n't she?

MRS. JINKS.—Yes; but what has—?

MR. JINKS.—She probably lost her collar button down the back of her neck.—*Lawrence American.*

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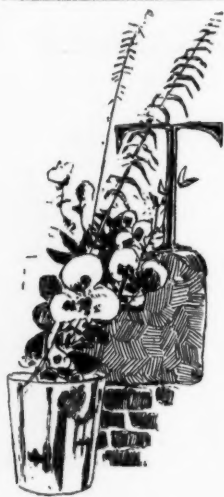
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Around the peaceful sky,
And in the pie the huckle-
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TRAMP.—Yes; but wait until you see me get at the lunch counter.—*Chatter.*

WHY is Pennsylvania like a good soldier? Because it is well drilled, of course.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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EDITOR.—Did you see the big fire, Mr. Quilddrive?

QUILDDRIVE (a reporter).—I did, sir. The scene defied description.

EDITOR.—Then please write a two-column description of it at once.—*West Shore.*

A RAILROAD president should never put on boxing-gloves. His hands might strike.—*Ex.*

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

MRS. A.—Why have you hired another maid when you already have three?

MRS. B.—To wait on the others.—*Epoch.*

CHILDREN are like troubles: a man never knows how many of them he is going to have.—*Atchison Globe.*

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A TIN of snails costs \$1.12 in England; but you can have a messenger boy in this country for much less money.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

AT THE SCIENCE EXAMINATION.

QUESTION.—Which is the best known insulator?

ANSWER.—Poverty.—*Chatter.*



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PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 38:



Being Puck's Best Things About Crooks and Uprights.

BLIMBERS.—Where are you, old fellow? I thought you were going to buy a seat in the Stock Exchange.

BENSON (mournfully).—Well, I was, but Mrs. B. insisted on having a seat for the symphony rehearsals; so I had to give it up, of course.—Ex.

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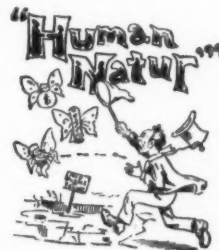
For complete list of issues see 13th page of PUCK of September 17th.

THE SECRET OF THEIR POWER.

"What was the secret of the power of the ancient Greeks?"

SLOW SCHOLAR (desperately).—It came from their knowledge of Greek. People who are able to learn that language could accomplish anything.—Ex.

PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 39:



Being Puck's Best Things About That Curious Customer, Man.

TOO CHEAP.

They were from Chicago and rich. The daughter was taking lessons in coyness and social small talk.

"A penny for your thoughts," she archly remarked to an abstracted visitor, and then felt from the look of horror that overspread her parent's face she must have been guilty of a false step.

"Why did n't you offer him a dollar?" was that lady's criticism after the visitor's departure. "We've got money and you must n't be afraid to let folks know it."—Philadelphia Times.

JOHNNY'S HANDS.

MOTHER.—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday-school.

JOHNNY (with a far-away look).—Yes 'm.

MOTHER.—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?

JOHNNY.—I—I carried home the Sunday-school paper, an'—an' th' outside page is all about Jonah an' th' whale.—New York Weekly.

It seems sad to learn that William Tell was not a "true Bill" after all.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

PUCK's two-page center-piece this week (No. 705) is a pictorial rebuke to New York for its lack of local pride. There is a little libelous slur at our census but that is easily forgiven. St. Paul is not represented; neither are Kansas City or Omaha. Only the larger cities of the East and the most progressive cities of the West are set forth. Of course that would exclude St. Paul. It is a very clever conceit.—Minneapolis Tribune.

MAINE REED is a bigger hero now than Mayne Reid.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

ELECTRICIANS should make good soldiers. They are always ready to charge a battery.—Ex.

WHEN a fly alights on your hand you can't tell whether he is sitting or standing. But it is different with a bee.—Yonkers Statesman.

MILITARY ORDER FOR THE CHARITABLE—"Present Alms!"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

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THE NARROW PATH.

GROWING SON.—Pa, may I go to the races and bet on the speed of the horses?

RESPECTABLE PA.—No, my son; but you may go to the exchange and bet on the price of oats.—Street & Smith's Good News.

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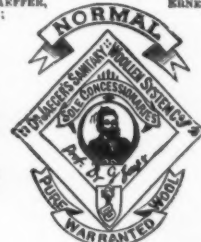
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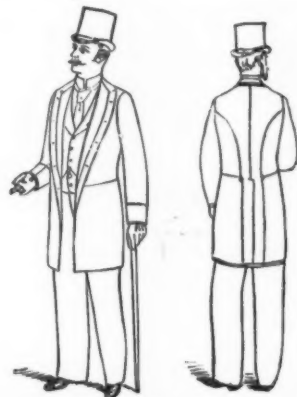
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